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Number 2

PRESERVING THE PAST
FOR THE FUTURE



Preserving the Past for the Future

Flashback

Washington County Historical Society

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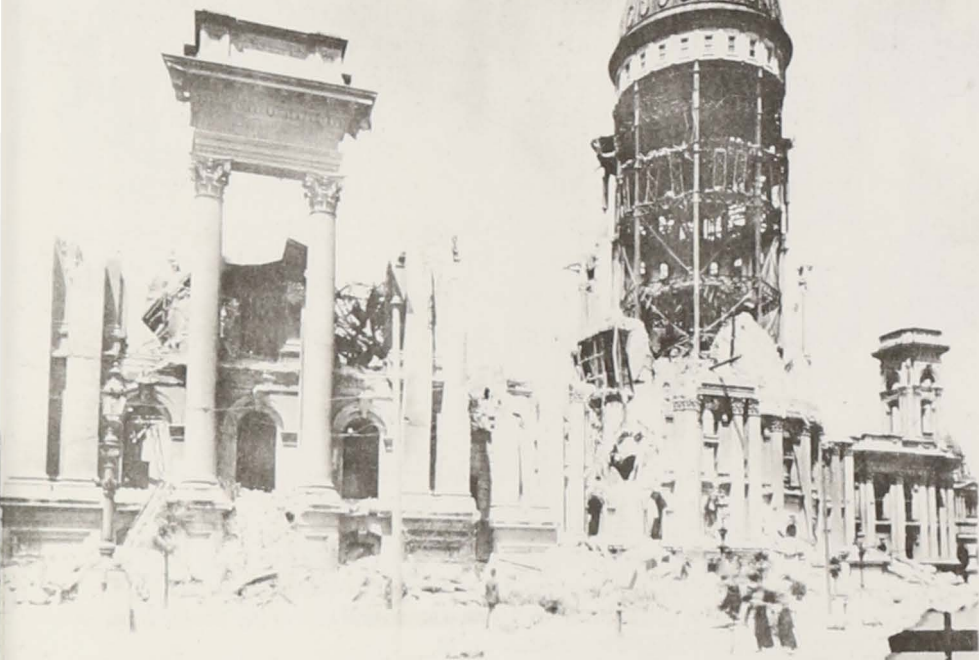
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THE NEWS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

William R. Lighton's Letter Home, 1906



The "monument to the audacity of the looters," the remains of San Francisco's City Hall. According to Lighton's handwritten caption, these are the effects of the first earthquake shock.

When last fall's World Series was temporarily delayed by an earthquake, many people thought back to another earthquake in San Francisco--the Big One of 1906. Probably few people know, however, that the 1906 earthquake was reported by our own William Lighton.

Actually, he was not yet "our" William Lighton. It would be another two years before the family would move to Fayetteville to establish Happy Hollow Farm and start a back-to-the-land boom here that (many would say) continues today.

In 1906 the Lighton family was still in Nebraska, and

William Lighton was writing columns for the Boston Transcript. On 7 April 1906, he had written on homesteading in Nebraska, "A Million Acres of Land: New Opportunities for the Homesteader." By early May, however, the Transcript was publishing "Dauntless San Francisco: A Ruined City, but an Unconquerable People--by William R. Lighton." This "special feature", though published in May, was written 24 April. While acknowledging the magnitude of the disaster, Lighton emphasized the "dauntless mood of the new West" and plans for rebuilding the city. Three days later he wrote a letter home, revealing more of the horror he felt:

Oakland, April 27, 1906

Beloved:

I hope you have received the few messages I have been able to send since my arrival--three telegrams and as many hurried notes. There's no telling, for both post office and telegraph offices are buried under tons of extra stuff. All my communication with the Transcript has been three or four days delayed in transmission by wire. It can't be helped. But it would curdle your blood to see the agony of anxiety on the part of the people who cannot get word to or from the outer world.

I am so dazed by the awful tragedy that I cannot hope ever to realize it fully. Today I stood on the hill, at the base of the Fairmount hotel walls, in the midst of the ruins of the Flood, Sharon and other palaces. Far as I could see in every direction lay desolation--absolute, utter--nothing but an awful tangle of blackened and tottering walls and heaps of crumbled junk--not a green thing, not an unwrecked building over a full dozen square miles. And beneath the ruins lie countless dead. The number will never be known. When Chinatown was dynamited, the poor creatures burrowed like rats into their holes, paralyzed with abject terror; and there they are now, by hundreds. I have gone over the tenement quarters in the Mission district, where the first shock caught thousands sleeping. That is filled ground. One full block of three and four story houses is sunk to the level of the upper windows. The fire started there in a score of places at once, making escape all but impossible. Maybe it is a mercy that the death list must remain unknown.

My first sight of the ruined city was got from Oakland pier on Sunday night, when the fire still burned. Hell is a mild word for that picture; and the ghastliness of it has only increased from day to day, as I have gone about the ruins from one end to the other. I never want to look upon another such thing while I live.



"View from Russian Hill, looking toward bay," according to Lighton's caption. The men in the foreground may have been relic hunters, or might have been already participating in the clean up efforts.

The work of relieving the needs of the living is now well organized and running smoothly. The nation has been more than generous. No one need suffer hunger or cold. I wish to God that were the only suffering possible. But since that dreadful Thursday night thousands of families have been scattered. There is a very agony of suspense which cannot be relieved for weeks; for there are three hundred thousand refugees to be identified.

Dear heart, I cannot help thinking continually, at sight of every haggard face, every shattered home, every mother with her children, what abundant blessings have been ours. We haven't always known. But I shall know hereafter. If we never have more than a dry crust and our love, we must be thankful--oh, so absolutely happy and thankful. I've had my lesson.

These Californians are a wonderful people. It would warm your heart to see what they are doing, with never a question, never a misgiving, never a moment of petty debate. I love them. It is enough to make a man love all humankind. Every difference has been leveled, wiped out of existence. What any man has belongs to all, to the uttermost. It is beautiful to look upon.

I have found a dozen Omaha people, and have not heard of any deaths nor even serious injuries amongst those we have known. Many have lost everything by fire; but that counts for nothing just now.

The Transcript people have kept me busy hunting up missing Bostonians. Up to this time I have "made good" in every mission of this sort, though it has meant miles of foot-travel through the desolated districts. I'm about worn out, and too disreputable to look at--and too utterly weary to clean off the dirt. But ninety-nine out of every hundred look just like me.

I have felt two earthquake shocks this week--slight, but severe enough to make the blood move faster. They tell me one gets used to it in time, but I notice the old settlers taking the middle of the streets, just the same.

I've worked late tonight, getting a dispatch off to the little old paper, and now I'm going to stretch out on the table. One night I "bedded down" with Mr. Daniels, whom I met by the merest accident; and for two nights I have been putting up with a former neighbor in the New York Life building, Mr. Connett. He and his wife have been very good to me. She is going to Omaha before long, to visit relatives. You must know her; I know you'll love her.

*It is impossible to say when I shall get through with the work here. I shall stay until they instruct me to quit, though I'm ready to get out this minute. It's too soul-torturing. But I shan't let go until they jar me loose. At any rate, I shall shorten the Idaho business as much as possible. **THIS IS A DEAD SECRET; I WANT TO SEE MY FOLKS.** I want to get my arms around the whole bunch, and know they're there, and tell them how hopelessly in love with them I am, and hear them say they love me. Maybe you think that won't be good for my soul.*

Lighton identified this as the "view south of Kearney St. from foot of Kearney St. Hill."



If you do not hear from me again, don't worry. There's no telling what a day is to bring, in the way of new assignments. If need arises, you can address me in care of the Call, at the Oakland office. I am in Oakland for a part of every day, any way; sometimes all day.

Good night, with millions of kisses. Will.

The above letter, a number of photographs, and Lighton's pass into Chinatown are part of the Lighton Family Papers in the Special Collections Department, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville. Some of the photographs (including all that are published here) have captions written on the back, and the note, "From W. R. Lighton, Omaha, Neb. Dundee Place." Presumably Lighton either took these photographs himself or hired a photographer to do so, as the pass into Chinatown is for "W. R. Lighton & Friend."

Lighton captioned this a "view on Market St., showing ruins of Palace Hotel & Chronicle Bldg." The Palace was where the Boston tourists were thought to have stayed.



Lighton, incidentally, had good idea about the number of people killed in 1906. As of 7 May, "*the so-called official figures*," in Lighton's words, put the death toll at 319. "*There is a strong disposition amongst San Franciscans to minimize this part of the disaster*," he wrote in the Transcript. It was indeed minimized; until rather recently, the death toll was estimated at six to seven hundred. More modern estimates put the total deaths at about 2,000.

The "missing Bostonians" were a major concern. A headline in the 19 April Boston Evening Transcript asked "*BOSTON TOURISTS AT PALACE?*" "During the morning," the article continued, "the office of the Raymond & Whitcomb Company was besieged with anxious inquiries from friends of members of the Mexico-California tourist part which left Boston on Feb. 22." By 25 April the paper was able to report the group was safe.

The "Idaho business" is a mystery, and Lighton's columns in the *Transcript* through May 1906 offer no clues. Possibly he was already on his way to Idaho on assignment and was rerouted to San Francisco when the earthquake struck. In any event, by 18 May he was back in Omaha, writing about an attempted swindle of government lands in Nebraska.

Lighton apparently remained in San Francisco several weeks writing regular reports on the as well as special features. Although humor and human interest were what made Lighton famous, he was always aware of serious problems and the need for real, long-term solutions. In his articles on San Francisco he pointed out that the need for relief was actually greater in Oakland and other places, where the refugees had fled, than in San Francisco itself. He considered the long-term economic impact the earthquake might have on the city and on railroads going into the city. He pointed out that most of the people of San Francisco were not destitute, that there was plenty of work to be done and willing workers, but until the banks

were reopened, no money to pay them. And he wrote about the corruption in San Francisco city government that was so spectacularly revealed by the earthquake:

In all the devastated district there is no more conspicuous ruin than that of the City Hall, whose history is a serial story of shameless and unpardonable graft. The original estimates for this building contemplated an expenditure of \$1,000,000. When that sum was disposed of the structure had hardly risen above the basement. Before it was completed, it had cost approximately \$8,000,000. No one in this region pretends to deny that it stood as a monument to the audacity of the looters.

Probably of most interest to us now are Lighton's accounts of the humorous aspects of the earthquake: The parrot who started a crowd singing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" during the flight from the burning city, the street urchin who gave his last few coins to a suddenly penniless well-dressed gentleman with the assurance that "it's all right; I'll meet up with you some time when I'm broke myself," refugees in a tent decorated with a sign, "This is a h--l of a home, but God bless it, anyway," and crowds of "sightseers, camera friends and relic hunters" of the disaster from San Franciscans, some of whom are "blackening copper pennies in bonfires built for the occasion, these to be peddled for ten cents each as soon as they were cool enough to be handled."

Perhaps it was in part these memories of the "dauntless spirit of the new West" that drew him to California again a dozen years later with plans for a Hollywood career. But the movie business was not kind to William Lighton. He died in Los Angeles as the family was in the process of moving back to Fayetteville.

— Nan Lawler



Save for a Rainy Day, and ...
a New Tax Comes Along to Soak You.

ONE ORPHAN'S ODYSSEY

Robert Edward Lee Maddox's Story

Story Continued from February Issue

After a few months in Scammon, Uncle Dyce's feet got itchy again and we returned to the Uniontown community, stopping at Winslow for maybe three months. We lodged at the John Murry home. They were related in some way to Uncle Dyce.

When we finally rented a house, it was just across the street, but south, of the Summit Hotel. There I saw my first sun dial. It was a real curiosity to me. I pondered how in the world anyone could figure out how to place those numbers so the shadow would fall on them at the exact time. I worked a spell at the Summit Hotel, washing dishes, mopping floors, and preparing vegetables for the negro cook. It was where I learned to milk.

At first I couldn't get a stream bigger than a broom straw, but I caught on so I did all the milking of from four to six cows every day, morning and night.

I began to work for old Dr. Dunlap. I'd split wood, pull weeds, and be his general flunky. He paid ten cents an hour and I remember very well he wanted me to work a full hour for every dime. When my time was up, Mrs. Dunlap would come to the door, tell me I could quit now and she would pay me for work done. Once in a great while they would let me work a full day, ten hours, and I would receive a dollar bill! It was lots of money for me, but I really felt, at the time, I had earned every bit of it.

Once Aunt Betty sent me to get something at the store. I was killing a little time just walking up and down the aisles, back and forth in front of the candy case, when I spotted a dime on the floor. It looked as big as a silver dollar lying there. I snatched the coin up and after another

trip or two around, I sauntered over to the counter for a dime's worth of candy. It didn't dawn on me then, but since I have often thought that Elmer Miller, who owned the store, planted that coin for me to enjoy.

We lived in several different places in the next four to five years, including a short stay at Summers, Arkansas.

For a very brief time we lived near Aunt Betty's Uncle John Mondy (sic). He had a large family of five girls and two boys. One of the boys was enough older than I to enjoy fun at my expense, which he did at every opportunity. His name was Robert. We would go into the woods ahunting, or just prowling. He'd have me tasting Indian turnips, or trying to catch a mother dove who was acting crippled to protect her young. Just anything he could make up for me to do. Once he had me crawl back under a big rock, forming a small cave, to bring out a rabbit. The rabbit turned out to be a striped one who really left me a stinking mess! Another time he urged me to shoot an old Indian's turkey. This Indian had quite a flock of them. Robert insisted if I shot this bird I would never forget the first turkey I'd ever killed, but I was afraid of Indians and wasn't about to destroy one of those birds.

A sister, Maud, was about my age and my favorite of Uncle John's kids. Once we found a quail's nest and brought home a whole hat full of eggs. We set them under a hen where she hatched about two dozen quail. When Mama Hen was turned out of her hatching box, the covey of newborn ran in every direction. The poor ol' hen was left stranded with no brood to scratch for or hover over.

The Mondy family was one of the more prosperous in that neighborhood. There were always plenty of provisions laid in. Mr. Mondy would butcher enough hogs every fall for meat over the winter, plus stocking up on flour, sugar and coffee. Aunt Lyle, his wife, would can fruit and vegetables, make lye soap by the barrel, spin yarn

of both wool and cotton for the family's sox or stockings. She didn't weave cloth, but she bought it to make all their clothing, except possibly the men's pants and coats.

The first bet I ever made was with Uncle John Munday (sic). He put me in charge of weighing and keeping accounts of the cotton picking. I had a little book with each picker's name in it. I would weigh what each brought in and put the amount in my account book. Uncle John would pay the pickers. When there were sixteen hundred pounds, he would haul the cotton off to the gin at Uniontown. This particular time he said, "Bobby, I think you've made a mistake. There aren't sixteen hundred pounds on that wagon." Of course I thought I was right but rechecked my figures. Finally I told him I would bet the price of the cotton that it would weigh out. If there was less I would pay him at the same rate he received at the gin, and if there was more, he should pay me. When he returned home that night, he handed me 65 cents.

The spring or summer after I became twelve, Uncle Dyce moved to Fort Smith. He fixed us up in another tent house, in the south part of town, just across the street west of the old J. D. Young home, a large two-story red brick residence. Uncle Dyce was doing carpentry work. He was not at all sold on unions, but to get work he was forced to join. He worked quite a distance from home, so he carried his lunch when he left for work. Aunt Betty then took us three kids to wander along the railroad where she gathered wild greens, blackberries, onions, etc. Oftentimes we were gone all day, arriving home just in time to make supper for Uncle Dyce.

Being twelve, I was hardly old enough but I got a job in a box factory. I can't remember my wages but I carried my lunch, too. The box factory was a great experience for me. I nailed cleats on egg case ends. The factory had two cleating machines and about a dozen boys, like me, nailing them on by hand. I loved to watch those machines. They

would pick up a string of nails and with one stroke drive the whole string into the cleat, then brad them on the bottom side. I also enjoyed watching the veneer machine perform. Its operators would take an immense gum log, after it had been immersed in a huge vat containing hot water for three to four days, and put it in a machine which peeled the veneer off, much like it was unrolling a sheet of paper. At noon we ate our lunch in a boiler room. We boys just listened to the men tell tales of every sort. The best stories told were of the cyclone that hit Fort Smith a few years before; how the storm drove wheat straws through telephone poles, plucked chickens so they ran around naked, and picked off houses from their foundations, yet left the occupants in bed with no home about them.

Uncle Dyce had some kind of falling out with the union. They did something he didn't like. He stated he didn't have to put up with it and quit. So we moved again, this time to Garfield where we lived east of town.

Those two, three or four months of my life are rather obscure. However, a couple of incidents are clear. I beat a snake to death. Its body burst open and a whole swarm of little snakes emerged from the body, squirming off in every direction. Later I was throwing green apples at a hornet's nest, about the size of a half-gallon bucket, when one of its occupants shot out as if from a gun. He struck my forehead and knocked me flat. It is beyond belief just how hard a hornet can strike when it is mad! They definitely do not like apples thrown at their nest. With my eyes swelled shut, I could barely see for several days.

Another time, I nearly had a sunstroke while walking four or five miles to the White River for a visit with Brother Seth. Each of us had a load to carry, one being the baby, Jesse. It was miserably hot! We were struggling along when I suddenly ran out of breath, incapable of walking. I sat down while Aunt Betty fanned me until I

could navigate again. One other thing! There was a big apple tree on a nearby farm. It bore fruit called "banana apples", a large, spreading tree with green, yellow and red-striped apples, with flesh real mellow like a Ben Davis. The fruit had a peculiar, banana-like taste.

Time to move again, this time to Short, Oklahoma, just across the Arkansas-Oklahoma line from Uniontown. I don't remember what Short's attraction was. It proved to be Aunt Betty's last move. She was pregnant again. In due time a little girl arrived who was named Martha.

Aunt Betty never recovered from this childbirth. Complications set in, pneumonia or something. Grandpa Key was present, sitting just outside the house, waiting for the end. Uncle Dyce came to the front door and urgently said, "Old man, you had better come in." Grandpa knelt alongside the bed and spoke a prayer as she expired.

Uncle Dyce was left in a mess with two little boys, two and four years old, a tiny baby girl and a 13-year-old me.

I can't recall a single thing about the funeral but within the week the poor soul loaded all his worldly possessions in a two-horse hack and headed across the mountains to Winslow. We came by way of Figure Five School, No. Twelve School, Freedom and Sassafras Pond Schools to Winslow. It was not but thirty-five or forty miles, but it took all day and into darkness to drive it.

It was one terrible ordeal for me. I was forced to care for the baby, changed her diapers, washed them out at every creek we crossed, then hung them on the side of the hack to drive. I offered her a bottle, which she resented, because until then she was breast-fed. I did my best to pacify her, but she was cross and restless, naturally. Uncle Dyce couldn't do a thing for the little one, said his fingers were all thumbs.

We finally got to the John Murry home. They expected us and were prepared, taking immediate charge of the

little one to my great relief. With two grown girls and Mrs. Murry, my duties as nursemaid ended. We stayed on for only a few days, then moved in with the Tom Doss family. Mrs. Doss was a daughter of the Murrys. We lodged with the Doss family about three weeks, until Uncle Dyce could make arrangements with his mother in Garfield to care for his brood.

The short time we lived with the Doss family was the most miserable time of my life. Tom Doss and his wife were very kind and considerate to us all. They did everything anyone could expect. But Aunt Betty had been gone long enough that I realized she was really gone forever. I missed her so much! Weighted down with grief, I would proceed down an old haul road from the Doss house toward the south end of the railroad tunnel, out of sight and out of hearing of everyone. There I would kneel and pray to God, a childish plea to let Aunt Betty come back to me in a vision or a dream. I went down that road day after day, pleaded the same prayer each day, hoping this would be my day to see her, but, to this day, I never have. I have only fond memories of that love and affection she so generously gave when I needed them the most.

Dyce Lee's mother was sixty years old, almost blind with cataracts, and lived alone. She had been widowed for several years, drawing a widow's pension from her husband's Civil War service. I think she agreed to take us kids more as a must duty than as a want-to. One can't honestly blame her. She did accept the three related children, but as a thirteen-year-old boy who had no blood of hers, she resented me from the start. If I did, it was wrong; if I didn't, I should have.

We all stayed with her youngest son, Seth, in the country east of Garfield, until Uncle Dyce could arrange a place for us in town. Seth was a good man as far as I was concerned, but his wife took the same attitude towards me that Grandma did. Many a time I remember him taking

my part and getting the two women off my back as they tongue-lashed me for something. Consequently, I spent all the time I could with him. I helped him make cross ties, fell the trees, cut them into lengths. I would score the cuts as he would hew them into ties. I went with him into the fields to plow or whatever... I tagged along.

He took me fishing and hunting. Once we spied a squirrel up a tree in a hole. I tried to climb the tree but just couldn't quite make it, so he climbed up and ran the squirrel out. He wanted me to shoot it, only I missed. He kept cautioning me to be careful; not to shoot him. I aimed at the squirrel three times but missed every time. So Uncle Seth scaled down the tree and picked it off with



Slicker Bathing Pool, Winslow, Arkansas

his first shot. He taught me about wild ginseng and other salable roots, where to find, and how to dig them. I made a little money and bought some clothes with these new skills. He also showed me how to course wild bees, to find bee trees, so we most always had wild honey for table use.

At this particular time I had two pair of bib overalls; one pair was a little newer than the other, making them my

Sunday best. I owned one pair of brogan shoes and one pair of sox with no toes. There was no changing all winter. When they got too dirty to tolerate, I would go down to the creek, rinse them out, and put them back on my feet wet.

In spite of hardships, a lad of thirteen will find ways for fun. About a half mile up the mountain from us was a family with three boys. Sundays I would spend hours playing with them: cops and robbers, robbing trains, cowboys and Indians, jumping the rope, hide-and-seek, whatever came to mind. They had a dug well in their front yard. It went down into a cave with an ever-running spring. A basin had been hollowed in the floor of the cave so a bucket could be lowered into it for water. We spent hours clambering down the hill to the mouth of the cave, crawling back to the well and, then, climbing up and out.

Our move into Garfield was in time for school, so I attended a full term of learning there. Garfield was small, but had a decent school with four or five rooms and as many teachers. I qualified for the fifth grade. I took a three or four month subscription school about every year during Aunt Betty's lifetime.

I managed to find odd jobs to do, loading fence posts, picking berries, just about anything to earn pocket money. I collected enough to buy my own clothes and gave Grandma Lee some for the littler kids.

Mrs. Herod, an old widow for whom I worked, owned a producing black walnut tree. She gave me all the nuts which must have been ten bushels or more. All I had to do was hull them so's to sell the meats to the town's merchants. There was the catch! Getting that outside hull off was some job! I put them in tow sacks and beat on them with clubs and rocks; made a huller, consisting of a board with a hole in it the size of a hulled walnut. Then, placing the whole nut over the opening, and using a wooden mallet, I knocked it through, thus leaving the hull

on the top. The device worked fairly well but was very slow and messy. My hands became so stained they looked like an Indian's. I ruined my clothes but I struggled until I'd cleaned and sold several of the bushels. Mrs. Herod was a nice old lady. I can see now she was merely trying to do a little for a lad she felt could use assistance.

My associates in Garfield were mostly boys, but we just had one day a week to play because we worked busily the other six. We played sandlot baseball, went swimming, and got together to do just anything or nothing.

I attended the Baptist Sunday School, so took part in their programs. Ice cream parties were popular. Always there was homemade ice cream, with the boys providing the muscle for cranking the ice cream maker. It was no little job, but we took turns so the anticipation of that cool, tasty dish made it easy.

At the Sunday school I sometimes participated in a pageant staged by the congregation to show support for the prohibition movement. Each state was represented by a student carrying a banner. I carried Kansas which, if I remember correctly, was the only state then to have prohibition. One family at the edge of town was headed by a father who'd been married three times. There were twenty-one children, most of whom were boys. The story was that each wife bore him seven children. They had a stock pond covering an acre or so, and when temperatures were cold enough we skated there. Two brothers in another family became pretty chummy. One of them placed a railroad spike on the track which wrecked a passenger train shortly before I became acquainted. He wasn't punished, I guess because of his age.

One thing we should not have done was ride freight trains. There was quite an uphill grade both north and south of town. Trains slowed down at both places, so we'd hop on. We hiked south to catch a train, climbed on top of

a boxcar, rode through town, jumped off at the north grade, then wandered back.

Uncle Dyce worked away from home 'most all the time we lived in Garfield. He'd be around for a day or two, then off again. I was always glad to see him because he was kind, even when correcting or chastising me. He married once more and took us kids back to Winslow.

The woman he selected had one child. She and Uncle Dyce had two or three more children in about as many years. I must say his new wife never spoke a cross or unkind word to me. I am also sure Aunt Betty's three children have always felt and would willingly testify that Mattie Gaylor was as good a mother to them as she knew how to be.

Back in Winslow, I stayed with Uncle Dyce for a year or so, helping him as much as I could, of course without pay except my eats and maybe a few clothes. He mainly did carpenter work. I would kinda scotch for him, like carrying shingles to the roof while he nailed them on. I recall one particular job, the Willbanks house. It was about three miles from town. He built it from the ground up and I hauled every foot of its lumber from Winslow, using a wagon and mule team. The lumber was shipped to Winslow by railroad freight. At the siding I unloaded it, stacked it on the wagon, and hauled it to the building site where Uncle Dyce helped me unload and stack. Then I returned for another load.

In a small town before WWI and into the 20s, everyone knew everyone. Everyone had his place, even an orphan (sic) kid with no home or family fit into a certain niche and without him the town could not be quite as it was. Moreover, everybody took a direct interest in others. In sickness or distress, they would help you, at the death of loved ones they would sympathize, and in happiness or success they would rejoice with you.

This is how I remember Winslow. Everybody knew the customs, habits, likes, dislikes, the abilities or shortcomings of their neighbors. They knew that John Doe's word was as good as his bond. On the other hand, when Bill Doe told you anything, you'd better check it out for Bill was not dependable. That's the Winslow I knew as a kid, and that's the Winslow I always return to.

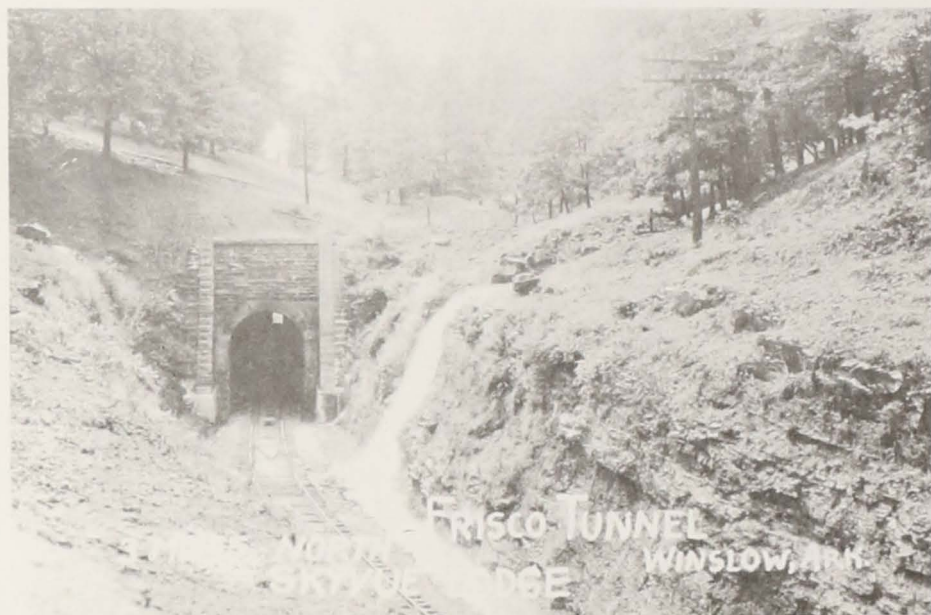
My first friends there were associates with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The church sponsored most of the young peoples' activities. We had parties in the homes of members. There were picnics chaperoned by members. Under its supervision we went swimming, hiking and enjoyed ice cream parties and watermelon feasts. Winter-time brought taffy pullings and indoor games.

Church was much different then. Some explain it as "more primitive". I wonder. Anyway, they preached and behaved differently. Every service was like a revival. If one hadn't been converted, he was a sinner. That was my class. At the end of formal service, the preacher gave his invitation to "come to the mourner's bench". You couldn't be saved without first going to the mourners' bench. One's close friends would beg and plead with you to go up, give your heart to God and be saved. That's one thing I could never, in good conscience, do. I felt I had not done anything requiring forgiveness, so which should I ask for it? The fact is, I was a better Christian then than now.

I helped in every way I could. I went to church on cold mornings to build fires. I joined clean-up crews with repainting, washing windows and yard work. I even gave money, which wasn't much. All I did was graciously accepted. However, I was never a full-fledged member.

We each had a girl friend, claiming her for a time, then going with another one for a change. None of it amounted to anything. The boy looked at the girl and she glanced

back. Then they grinned and blushed. At a party once I was out on the porch with a girl alone and kissed her. I think it was my first. When we went back into the house, we couldn't look at each other for the rest of the evening. Your young friends would poke fun and kid you. It was confusing, but everyone seemed to live through it and came through thinking more of the opposite sex.



During this stage of kid stuff and foolishness, the boys formed a stag party group. One boy's mother was a questionable character who, when this boy was only 10 to 12 years old, walked away and left him to fend for himself. She did leave her son the house and all its furnishings. The house had two rooms with a full length lean-to, which made it a four-room box. The furnishings were very meager. We held our meetings there, using his pots, pans, and a little old wood-burning four-hole cookstove to do our bacon and eggs, fry our chicken, bake our pancakes and, occasionally, roast wild game, rabbits and squirrels.

Our little old Stag Club was strictly off-limits for the fair sex. No girls were ever allowed. There were always, at least, two members present--the boy (owner of the house) and I. We had no one to tell us we couldn't be there.

As the old saying goes, "Time changes everything." We did not quit the church entirely, but were just dividing our time with other things, going where we wanted to go and doing things we preferred to do. There was no laziness in the bunch. We would walk four or five miles for an outing or a party. Think nothing of it!

Wheeler Falls, sometimes called Winslow Falls, was about three miles west of town and at least a half mile off the main road. We made dozens of trips there, when someone didn't have a better idea. On top of the falls were three or four acres of reasonably flat, "gladey" land, with lots of shade and plenty of flat rocks. It had a sort of draw going down to the edge of a bluff where the water spilled over. Many times in dry weather there was no water at all. The ledge over which the water dropped was a hundred feet above the stream below. It was in the center of a circular bluff about a half mile from one end to the other. We'd 'most always hang our lunch in a tree, then traipse to the base stream.

There was a trail, of sorts, descending the bluff. By grabbing at brush and saplings we'd slip and slide from one ledge to the next and finally reach the bottom. Once down, we would wade in the creek, bounding from rock to boulder, pick wild flowers and investigate the insect, reptile, and small animal world until we were ready to climb back out. Lunch tasted real good after that. The walk back to town was no trouble at all. Funny thing, I don't ever remember getting tired from such an outing.

There were innumerable trips to No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3 bridges or trestles. We'd congregate at the railroad depot and take off, some going through the tunnel, some over the

mountain (a few girls were afraid to go through) and then gather the crowd again at the south end of the tunnel. Our next stop was African Center, which was a place where the Mexican laborers camped while they were digging out the tunnel. I've always claimed it should be "Mexican Center". Wending our way, we would usually meander through all three of the canyons. However, coming back we stuck with the railroad tracks and the bridges. It all entertained us for an entire afternoon. By the way, No. 1 trestle was about a quarter mile long and 121 feet high at the center. The railroad had constructed platforms on the sides of the structures about every hundred feet or so, so anyone caught crossing could step aside for the train. We kids used to do that just for the fun of it! I still shudder when I think about it, even now.

We walked to Signal Mountain, which may be the highest point in the Ozark Mountains. It is three and one-half miles west of Winslow and, of course, afforded a wonderful view in every direction. We'd grab a train for Brentwood, five miles north of Winslow, then hike about four miles to Acorn Cut. Acorn Cut was a railroad divide that had fossil-like formation, about the size of an acorn, in its dirt and rock sides. Digging them out gave us souvenirs and pocket pieces.

Transportation was by foot for most trips. It was long before the days of automobiles. None of us had a horse or buggy, so we walked with companions in groups. It was our life, or recreation, our means of togetherness.

During this period I went to my last schooling. I was in the eighth grade, but never finished. I sort of left home, by getting a job with Uncle George Rivercomb and Aunt Lyd in their restaurant. It was just more convenient to stay with them than to walk back and forth. So I never did stay with Uncle Dyce again.

Working for Aunt Lyd and Uncle George Rivercomb

was a completely new experience. Never before had I been directly in contact with the general public. True, I had worked for a little while at the Summit Hotel, but in the background. At Aunt Lyd's I mingled with the customers. My jobs were to keep the lobby clean, in good condition, start and keep the fires going early as well as late, plus duties in the kitchen and dining room. I was known as a flunky, from the first day I reported for work. There were only about six or eight rooms, a couple with two beds and the rest singles. But it was conventional for travelers, even rank strangers, to bunk together if requested to do so. As a result, there might be from a dozen to fifteen folks spending the night.

Aunt Lyd usually had two girls working for her, along with an adopted daughter and myself. Aunt Lyd did the cooking. We all followed her orders. She kept up with every detail and seldom failed in her effort. Most of the time she was 'way ahead of us.

As for Uncle George, he never turned his hand, just sat in the lobby, and smoked his pipe. The old gentleman was pretty well-read, and had been around. He took great pride in his spelling ability. Any time any of the family or the hired hands wanted to spell a word or to know its meaning, Uncle George was their dictionary. In his younger days, he drove a stage coach into Summit, which was the forerunner of Winslow. Aunt Lyd was running Summit's eating place when they first met.

Aunt Lyd, in addition to serving meals, fixed box lunches for train crews and passengers. It wasn't unusual for us to pack seventy-five lunches at 25 cents each for a passenger train, deliver and collect for them when the train arrived. The box contained fried chicken, potatoes, a vegetable and a piece of pie, plus coffee if the customer supplied a cup. I always tried to deliver to the local freight crews. So I managed to ride the engine up and down, back and forth, as they did the switching. I imagined myself

being a locomotive engineer some day.

After all the work, if I had nothing else to do, I loved to sit in that small lobby, by the warm stove, listening to the men talk. The lobby visitors were mostly men, of all kinds, from every walk of life. They related experiences of success, of bad luck and failure, interlaced with tales of pure imagination peppered by fantasy. I soaked it all in.

My job afforded me the opportunity to do as I pleased, more or less. No need to ask anyone, "Can I do this or can I go there?" It was the time in life that I learned the truth of the old saying, "With privileges come responsibilities". My early lessons of right and wrong, taught me by Aunt Betty, kept me from ever getting into serious trouble.

Winslow had a barber shop and pool hall combined. I did some major loafing there. It was a man's hangout. I learned to play pool and a lot of things that were not exactly uplifting, but looking back I can't see where the experience did me much harm. Even in my association with the few, hard-core poker players, watching their games, I was always respected as an "orphan" kid. I'm sure any one of them would have given me whatever I was in need of, even have fought for me, if called upon. What I did learn are lessons not printed in books.

I also got acquainted with the younger set in town. Aunt Lyd's foster daughter, Dot, was a couple of years older than I, but by going to church and Sunday school with her, in no time I was one of the bunch.

A big change had taken place in my life. I began to have hopes, aspirations and to look at my future. In about two months, Aunt Lyd told me she could no longer afford to pay me, as business had fallen off so badly. However, she assured me I could stay on and work in exchange for my room and board. Further, any odd jobs I found to do, I could take time off for them. I agreed to this arrangement, so for several years I made their place my headquarters.

Every kid has a yen for a bicycle. I was no exception. I bought an old used one without tires, seat or handle grips, for \$2.50. Through a mail order catalog I sent for the missing parts to make it whole. It was no fancy, but it rode well. I often took it to Brentwood which was five miles, and a time or two as far as Woolsey, about nine miles. I cycled all over Winslow, pushing it up hills and flying down them. A regular chore for me was to go to the McClendon's after milk and butter. Had to push all the way up there but I had a full mile ride back, downhill all the way.

Along about the first of the year in 1910, Jake Sebourn, Aunt Lyd's brother, who was foreman over a railroad construction gang stationed at Rudy, Arkansas, gave me a job washing dishes for that bunch. The workers consisted of bohunks from the slums in eastern cities, thirty to forty at a time. Every one of them talked with a brogue. They were physically dirty. I have never heard so much swearing, blackguarding and profanity--before or since.

The outfit consisted of five railroad cars, two converted into bunk cars, one for kitchen and storage, as well as office space for the foreman plus bunk space for him and his straw boss, a flat car for the tools and one old passenger car for eating. This last car had one long homemade table its full length with wooden benches on each side. Everyone ate in this car.

When I reported, just after the noon meal, the boss went over my duties. I was to serve the crew. That meant carrying food to the table in bowls, single-handed, wash the dishes and keep the dining car cleaned up. The lone cook would dish up the grub, I'd put the big bowls on the table before the bums came in, try to keep the dishes full while they ate. No small job once they sat down. Their manners were worse than animals', much like hogs'. They yelled "Flunky" this and "Flunky" that, salted with uncomplimentary adjectives. I was scared to death from

the beginning. I struggled through all three meals next day. Each meal was getting more difficult for me to stomach.

The following morning at breakfast when one of them bellowed, "Hey! Flunky, you little S.O.B., give me some more flats (pancakes)", I shouted back, "Here they are, you big slob!" and threw a platterfull into his face. I didn't wait for his reaction. I flew like a turkey out of the dining car, through the cook's car, grabbed my suitcase, jumped out the end door, and tore down the tracks. I never looked back until I reached the depot. I stayed out of sight until the gang left for work. Then I caught the first train back to Winslow.

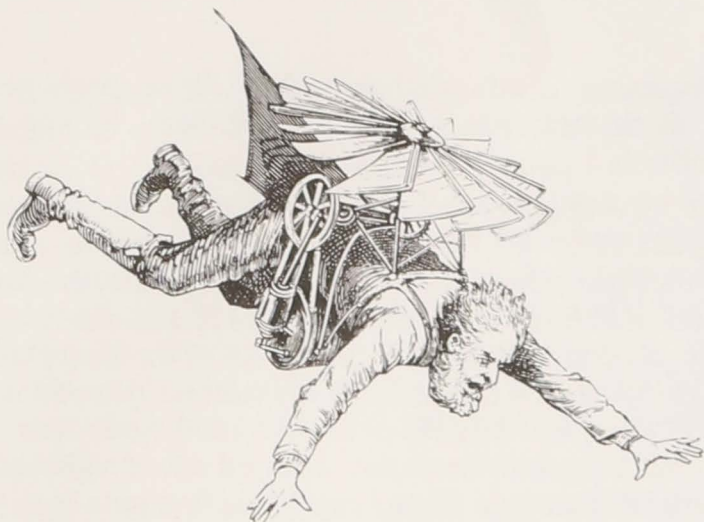
When I was about fifteen years old, in the spring before strawberry picking and shipping time, I got a letter from Mr. Haswell, who was station agent for the Frisco R. R. at Garfield, offering me a job for two or three months, tending his five-acre truck garden and staying at the depot until 10:00 p. m. to load his strawberries on the late train. Pay would be \$15.00 per month plus board and room.

I was tickled to get the offer. I ate my meals with the family, but slept in an old field house a quarter of a mile away. Mrs. Haswell fixed up one room with a bed and dresser, put up curtains on the two windows with a small rug by the bed. I was very comfortable, sometimes lonesome, but ready to turn in when I got through at the depot. I was at the station seven nights a week with Sundays off, except to feed and water the old horse I used.

I started to work for Mr. Haswell the first of April and stayed until the middle of July; made \$52.50 hanging onto \$45.00 when the job ended.....

To be continued

**We Need Old Friends to Help us Grow Old and
New Friends to Help us Stay Young** • L.C. Pogrebin



ANNOUNCEMENTS

The **GABBARD** Family Reunion is to be held July 21, 1990 at Huntsville Community Center, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The **HERRINGTON** Family Reunion to be held June 2, 1990 at Huntsville Community Center, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Bring covered dish, eat and visit with new and old relatives. For more information, on the above reunions, phone Virginia Threet, 501-521-6459 (Fayetteville).

The 3rd **OWNBEY** (Ownby, Owenby, Owensby) Reunion on June 23/24, 1990. At the Park Inn International, Fayetteville, Arkansas. For further information contact Ada Lee Shook, President, Route 4, Box 376, Springdale, AR 72764-9307. Phone: 501-361-2963.

The **ELLINGTON** and associated families (Wann, Elkins, Hooper, Knight, Adams) Reunion will be held June 8-10, 1990, at Sheraton Inn, Fort Smith. For further information contact Thurman Jordan, 4000 South "S" St., Fort Smith, AR 72903; phone 501-783-4903.



QUERIES

Robert C. Oswald, 2511 Elizabeth Avenue, Fayetteville, AR 72703 is seeking information on two old Frisco Railroad stations in Crawford County and hopes that some **FLASHBACK** readers might help. The first is **AMRITA**, located 1.1 miles north of Lancaster. This appears to be about where State Highway 282 and Frog Bayou pass under the railroad. Amrita was listed as a flag stop in the passenger timetables for April 1931 and June 1933. The curious thing is that the trains would stop only on Saturdays, Sundays or holidays. There is a great deal of data about crop shipments on the Frisco during this period and Amrita is never mentioned as a shipping point. By August 1935, Amrita had been dropped from the timetable.

The second station is **STEWART**, located 2.4 miles south of Lancaster on the east bank of Frog Bayou. It is shown in a 1905 employee timetable as having a three-car-length auxiliary track, and it probably lasted at least until 1916. It is not listed in a 1910 passenger timetable.

Would like to learn why Amrita had such an unusual schedule. Also would like to find out when Stewart was established, whether it had a depot and agent, and whether passenger trains ever stopped there. Would appreciate hearing from any **FLASHBACK** readers who might be able to throw light on these stations.

James A. Muncey, Jr., 4444 Livingston Avenue, Dallas, TX 75205 is researching the **MUNCY, MUNCEY, MUNSEY** family line which is well- represented in this

corner of the state. Specifically, is searching for the father of his great-grandfather, Alexander Arthur Muncey, who was born in VA in 1823, died in San Antonio, TX in 1884. Recent information gleaned from the Mexican War pension application of the widow of Alexander A. Muncey leads me to believe there is a family relationship between Alexander A. Muncey and the Washington County Munceys. A Jeremiah Muncey has been located in Madison County, AR.

Would also like to make contact with the descendants of the children from the marriage of Andrew Smith **GREGG** and Sarah Muncey who married in Washington County, AR 1 January 1852. They had three daughters and one son: Fannie E., wife of Thomas G. **WALKER**; Mary Elizabeth, wife of Thomas **GRAY**; and Dora I., wife of Washington **ALEXANDER**. Dora was 19 in 1887 and the youngest daughter. The name of the son is not known.

Who knows the family relationship of Jeremiah Muncey of Madison County, AR and the various Muncy-Muncey families of Washington County, AR?

Who has information on the burial location of N. O. Muncy (Nathaniel ?) who died in Washington County, AR in December 1850? He is the suspected father of Sara Muncey Gregg who resided in Washington County from 1850 until her death on 13 March 1908 in Fayetteville.

Whose family bible contains information on Thomas Muncey who married Nancy **SMITH** 15 February 1851 in Washington County, AR?

Would like information on William D. Munsay (Muncey) who enlisted with Archibald Yell's Arkansas Mounted Volunteers in Washington County, AR in 1846. He survived the war, and would have been born in 1825.

Would like to make contact with the Descendants of the children from the marriage of Hannah S. Muncy and Samuel P. Jones of Goshen Township, Washington

County, AR who married November 1866. Their children were as follows: Pandora A., wife of Amos JAMES; Virginia A.; Wiley H.; Dudley B., Flora P.; and Florence L.

Who knows about the family and the whereabouts of the descendants of the children from the 14 October 1894 Washington County, AR marriage of Fannie **MUNCEY** and I. M. **BLACK**?

Selena Patterson, 2602 Cedarwood, Spring, TX 77373: Thomas **GIBSON**, b. ca 1793 in North Carolina married Henrietta who was b. ca 1808 in SC. Thomas died ca 1870 McMinn County, TN. Thomas Jefferson Gibson, b. 19 April 1827, TN married Elizabeth **BRADEN** 19 April 1856 in McMinn County, TN. Thomas J. Gibson died 12 May 1913 Mt. Comfort, AR.

Mrs. G. Pafford Alread, 2217 Glencrest Drive, Fort Worth, TX 76119 is researching family of Elmira M. **JEFFERS** who was part Cherokee Indian. Elmira was born in Carthage, MO ca 18174. Located a William Jeffers and wife Mariah with one child, Mary A., in the 1870 U. S. Census for Carthage. Father died in Missouri. Located Elmira living in household of grandfather, L. M. **SATTERFIELD**, in Crawford County, AR in 1880. Mother listed as Mariah **KIPP**, dau. of L. M., age 37. Four children: Mary A. **JEFFRIES**, age 10; Cintha O., age 9; Elmira M., age 8; Robert D., age 6. First three children born MO and youngest in AR. Our family indicates mother later married a **McALISTER** (age 58) in Crawford County, AR. Robert D. living with Elmira and husband Samuel Houston **GUINN** in Winslow, AR in 1900. Would appreciate any information on family members. Know that one sister married and raised family in Arkansas.

Leonard R. Howry, 2511 Briarwood Circle, Bryan, TX 77802 (409) 774-7161 seeking any information concerning George **HOWRY** (also spelled **HOWERY**, **HOURIE**, **OWRY**) who lived in northwest Arkansas from 11830-1850. Wife's name is unknown. Who were his parents? By way

of background, George Howry resided in White and Warren Counties in TN until 1827 when he, his second wife, Elizabeth (**VAUGHN**) **CALICO** and her son John Calico, relocated to Cane Hill, Washington County. In 1828, George Howry moved to the Buchanan farm in Madison County. He and his wife, Elizabeth, are both found in the 1829 Washington County Sheriff's Census, living in separate households. Elizabeth is found in Canehill Township, George Howry in Richland Township. George Howrie (sic) is also found on the 1830 Federal Census of Washington County. Believe the sons of George Howry to be: William, b. 1811; James, b. 1815; Daniel H., b. 1817; and George Howry, Jr. b. 1825. All are found in the court records, tax lists, land and census records of Washington, Madison and Benton Counties from 1835-1870. William Howry died in 1850; George Howry, Jr. in 1867; and James died between 1860 and 1870. All in Benton County, AR. Descendants of Daniel Howry indicate that he was killed in Missouri around 1817. To date, George Howry, Sr. has not been found on any census in 1850. It is presumed that he died in Madison or Benton County. Any information that anyone might have which would connect George Howry, Sr. to the other Howrys mentioned or information as to the parents of George Howry, Sr. would be greatly appreciated.

T. A. White, 2826 Sherry Drive, Arnold, MO 63010. I am a cousin of Jack Murray Greathouse who wrote "*A Partial History of the Greathouse Family*" which is in your library. I also have a copy. I have expanded considerably on the list of descendants that are in that publication and have them on computer file. I also have a large descendants' chart for White, Woodruff and Kelleam lines. I would be interested in connecting with other descendants working on these lines and the other lines I have listed.

Kristin Solstad, P. O. Box 27853, Las Vegas, NV 89126 is seeking ancestors/descendants of: Thomas J. **JONES** (b.

TN 1851) wife Miriam **REED** (b. AR 1856), Robert **McCAMISH** (b. AR 1848), wife Carrie **WHITE** (b. MO 1863), Daniel **GLIDEWELL** (b. NC 1833), wife Margaret **CANADA** (b. AL 1839). Also **TIFFANY**, **DOBBS**, **SELF** and **CUZICK**.

Barbara Hale, Rte. 1, Box 165, West Fork, AR 72774 is requesting information on Charles Edward **BURRIS**, b. 15 March 1871 Washington County, AR, m. Agnes ? Children: Mary, others ? Said to have lived KS and CO. May have married more than once. Son of John Calvin Calhoon Burrows-Burris and Sarah Elizabeth **PENSE**. Also need information for John Edward **BURROWS**, b. 28 November 1818 GA ? m. Sarah **BATEMAN** (**BOATEMEIN**). She b. 20 October 1817 ? father William Boatemein, mother Elizabeth. Children of John and Sarah: William Hudson, 1842; John Calvin Calhoon, b. 9 August 1844 GA, d. 19 September 1925, Reese Cemetery, Washington County, AR; Martha Jane, 20 February 1847; Zachariah Taylor, b. 9 April 1849; James A., b. 20 April 1851; Mary Elizabeth, b. 20 June 1854; John A. (may be Alexander), b. 15 February 1857.

Mrs. Norman Barnett, P.O. Box 96, Smiley, Texas 78159-0096, wishes to correspond with descendants of John **WOOLSEY**, born 1806, Tennessee, and wife Mary — ? born 1818, Alabama. They moved to Washington County, Arkansas, before 1842. The 1850 Arkansas census shows one child born in Alabama, Sara **WOOLSEY**, and four born in Arkansas, Eliza, John, James Aaron, and Martha. After James Aaron married, he moved his family to Bexar County, Texas.



‘By Perseverance the Snail reached the Ark

C.H. Spurgeon

SAM YOUNG

Former Slave of Fayetteville

by Izola Preston

In the 1930s an article appeared in the Northwest Arkansas TIMES about one Sam Young, a former slave, about 102 years old, thought to have been born in 1928. He was not sure of the location of his birth, nor did he speak of his parents. His early life was spent near Birmingham, Alabama. There is no evidence of his having received any formal schooling.

Sam reported that he was sold sixteen times from the time he could remember until the end of the Civil War when he became free. This was an average of about once every two years. Whether Sam was a cooperative or disruptive slave cannot be determined from his number of sales. He recalled the highest price he brought was \$1600. Most likely he was very valuable property, enhancing the income of each owner as he was sold. If he were troublesome he would not have been retained but would most likely have been killed or badly maimed as unmanageable slaves often were.

Sam's last owner was one Billy Moore of Paris, Texas. More came to Fayetteville and was later followed by Sam. It is not known how well Billy Moore did in Fayetteville or how he was able to support Sam while they were here.

Coming to Arkansas directly from Texas and making a living was very difficult for Sam. At the time, Fayetteville had not developed much need for paid farm labor. Very little productive land was in Fayetteville. If farm work was his livelihood, he might walk miles to farms in Springdale, Prairie Grove, Elkins, or other areas where there was good productive land. But small orchards and small-scale livestock farming did not require a big labor force.

A man may have had to walk as much as 20 miles to get to a farm large enough to require full-time help. There the farmer-owner would provide living arrangements, thus placing his workers closer to be available when needed. But Sam seems to have spent most of his time as a family head living in Fayetteville's East Community.

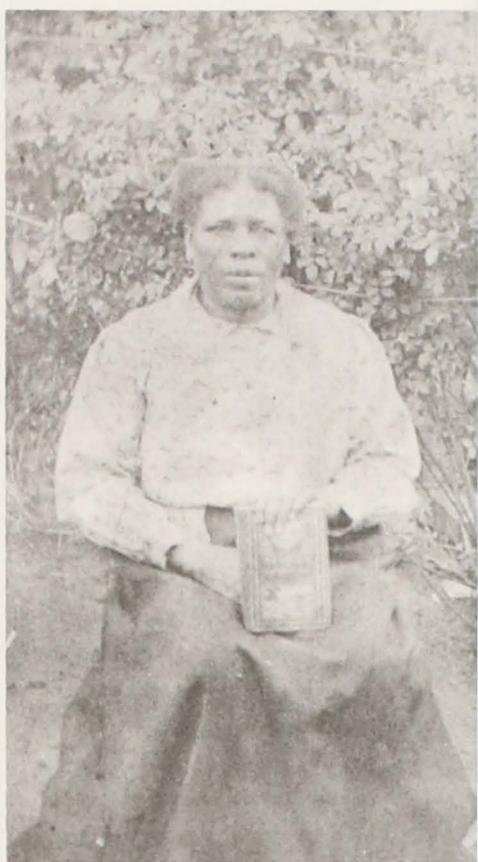
How long he rented, or what kind of living arrangements he had before he acquired a home is speculative. He built his first home on Mountain Street, evidently acquiring money to erect it by working as a butcher at a slaughter house on Highway 16. That home was destroyed by a tornado in 1880. He picked up surplus lumber and built his second house. It is very likely that he saved money, even though there was a surplus of ex-slave labor at the time.

The area was being resettled by independent thinking white families who wanted to make fresh starts following the Civil War. Many were sensitive about hiring blacks unless they were able to pay their help competitive wages. Still others were not able to hire blacks because they, too, had lost everything in the war and had a very difficult time recovering.

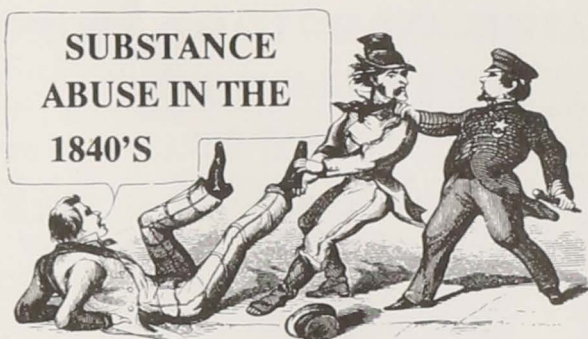
Sam married a woman named Martha who had been a slave. It is not known when or where the marriage took place, or whether either was considered a slave when they married. Martha was about 99 years old when the TIMES article was printed in the 1930s. She and Sam had raised five children: Ether, Rosie, Sam, Embeus, and Bertha.

Growing vegetables and flowers was Sam's past time and he was noted for his botanical achievements. He bordered the walkway from his home on Mountain Street with a variety of blooming flowers which brought approval and admiration from passers-by. He shared his produce with all his neighbors and, even at a very advanced age, was a favorite with children of his neighborhood.

Sam was a member of St. James Methodist Church in the earliest days of its formation in the late 1860s. There is no evidence that he ever held an office in the church. Two of Sam's grandchildren, Sherman Morgan and Mrs. Inez McPherson, reside in Fayetteville. Sam Young was well thought of and respected, with strong opinions on many subjects and helped to educate Fayetteville about his Afro-American heritage. He died in 1933, approximately 105 years old. Martha, his wife, died two years later at 103. They are buried in Oak Cemetery in Fayetteville.



Mr. Sam Young and Mrs. Martha Young.



*(From Constitution and Proceedings of the Fayetteville
Temperance Society, 1841-1844)*

— Research paper No. 789, Journal Series, University of Arkansas.

Monday, August 2nd, 1843: The trial of W. T. Larremore came on to be heard, who publicly confessed that he had drank WINE, which was proven by witnesses to be intoxicating liquor, after which the Board took the case under consideration and after due deliberation thereon had, they have agreed, and expressly understood, that said Larremore ought to be reported to the Society at its next regular meeting as a person unworthy of membership in said Society.

There being no further business before the Board, ordered that the Society adjourn till meeting in course.

E. C. Trimble, Sec'y

May 16, 1842: Evening fine and the Methodist Church (the place of holding our meetings) was filled almost to overflowing; opened by prayer.

A. W. Arrington appeared and delivered lectures on the subject of temperance ever delivered in the FAR WEST. Ordered that General S. G. Sneed be requested to address this Society at its regular meeting next. No further business. The meeting closed in peace and harmony.

R. P. Pulliam.

GABRIEL AND WILLIAM M. SHOFNER and Their Progeny

by Forrest Poorman

The original spelling of Shofner is thought to be Schaeffner. The first mention of this name was in Switzerland in 1255. By 1325, Johannes Schaeffner was in Strassburg, Germany. The name means woodworker or carpenter. The first Schaeffner in America came from Frankfort-on-Mein, Germany in 1725. The branch concerned in this discussion is Michael Schaeffner, who came to North Carolina with his family in 1760. He established a German colony along the Alamance River and Stinking Quarter Creek in then Orange County.

Michael and his wife Margaretha (Fogleman) had six children: Michael, George, Martin, Peter, Frederick and Magdalena.

This biography is concerned primarily with young Martin who married Catherine Cook, and their branch of the Shoffner family. Their son, Frederick, married Eulina Coble, Mary McKaign and Mary A. Buchannon. Frederick and Eulina had six children, four boys and two girls, Rowena and Lydia. Lydia married her first cousin, Gabriel Shofner. None of the Shofner family histories have any record of Gabriel's parents.

Lydia and Gabriel lived in Bedford County, Tennessee, near Shelbyville. According to the 1850 census, they had six boys. Sometime between 1853 and 1854, Gabriel and his family moved to Carthage, Jasper County, Missouri. There he was concerned with farming and his growing family of eight boys.

According to his 1861 Missouri tax assessment bill, Gabriel had acquired 437 acres, 3 slaves valued at \$1200, and other property valued at \$230, for a total value of \$2,960. He had to pay a state, military, and asylum taxes.

As the Civil War grew in intensity, Gabriel felt his patriotic duty and volunteered. On 1 January 1862 he became a 2nd Lt., Co. D, 13th Cavalry, Missouri Home Guard. His son, Newton C., joined in July of that year as well as younger son William M. Newton was in the 11th infantry, 4th brigade, General Rice Division, and was supposed to have been in the Battle of Prairie Grove, sometimes serving as flag bearer. William belonged to Company B, 16th Cavalry, Missouri Regiment.

Gabriel's 1864 tax bill illustrates the effects of war in Missouri. After two years in the army, he still had his 437 acres, had no slaves, and the total value of his property was \$541. These losses probably were why he moved his family to northwest Arkansas. There is no information on the exact place they first settled, but Lydia, his wife, who died 21 April 1867, is buried in the Prairie Grove cemetery.

Their eldest son, Frederick P., married Levina Clouser and decided to remain in Carthage, Missouri. Those sons coming to the Fayetteville/Prairie Grove area were: Newton C., who married Sarah B. Hartley; William M. Margaret Isabelle Kidd;

Peter William, m. A. Williams; John B., no data; David H., m. Nancy J.; James and Ludicus, no data. In 1873, by court action, Newton C. became legal guardian of his younger brother, Ludicus. In the 1880 Washington County, Arkansas census, Gabriel, then 65 years old, was living with Newton C. and his family in Marrs Hill.

William M. Shofner, b. 1845, m. Margaret Isabelle Kidd, b. 24 February 1851. She was 17 when she married in 1868. Her father, Tandy K. Kidd of Cane Hill, had been murdered in 1862. Her mother, Nancy E. Dyer Kidd, was left with four stepchildren and four young children of her marriage to Tandy. The Civil War had devastated northwest Arkansas. The widow was almost penniless. Early marriages of her children was one way to help the family.



William M. Shofner, 1845-1908

With a background of hard work, thriftiness and a desire to improve his life style, William worked at farming in Prairie Grove and also began a freighting business. His wagons hauled produce to Fayetteville and as far north as Carthage, Missouri.

In 1873, Tandy Kidd's younger children, Cornelius H., James H., Margaret Isabelle, Laura and Clintonia,

together with Nancy E., sought legal means through the Circuit Court of Washington County to have an accounting, partition and division of their father's real estate that belonged to the estate. This complaint was directed toward the older children of Tandy's first marriage: Ophelia Ann, William, Frederick M. and the administrator of the estate of Lucius Kidd. The court ruled that the 160 acres (R32W, T15N, Sec. 3, SW 1/4) in question could not be divided so must be sold to the highest bidder who had good credit. Eventually, William M. Shofner, husband of Margaret Isabelle Kidd, was the highest bidder and those acres became the Shofner farm.

Records of the Circuit Court, Washington County, Arkansas reveal in November 1881 Nancy E. Kidd deeded a city lot in Prairie Grove to William M. Shofner for the sum of \$400. The legal description of the lot (directly west of the Methodist Church) was: the NW corner of block #2 in the town of Prairie Grove, thence E 235 feet, for the beginning corner, thence S 285 feet, thence E 172 feet, thence N 285 feet, thence W 172 feet to place of beginning in the town of Prairie Grove and in the SW 1/4 of Sec. 18, T15N of R31W. It contained one and one-eighth acres. The property was to be the Shofner home for many years. William's 1889 tax bill showed that he had 180 acres, three lots and personal property with an evaluation of \$1595.

In the meantime, William and Margaret had their first child, Mary Ella, b. 24 January 1869, m. Dr. Henry Brewster; Maybelle Clara, b. 29 May 1871; William Otis, b. 29 April, 1874, m. Maud - - - ; and Myrtle Clyde, b. 4 September 1879, m. Hobart Percy Dutton.

By 1889 all of the territory of Oklahoma was occupied by or assigned to various Indian tribes. All attempts to stop the western movement of white people into the area proved futile. Congress, on 22 April 1889, authorized the first of Oklahoma's famous "land runs". At the sound of a pistol, over 50,000 hopeful homesteaders crossed the line

into former Creek and Seminole lands. "Runs" were conducted as late as 1891.

The lure of adventure, and possible benefit of owning more land, proved too much for our usually no-nonsense Grandfather Shofner. Even though he had a growing family of a wife and four children, a farm and a freighting business, he tried his luck at one of the land rushes. He reported that he rode his partially blind mule named Maude. They were in the rush, but old Maude showed her age and fell down from weariness. Grandfather decided that at that spot he would stake his claim. It proved to be where the town of Guthrie would later be built.

Years later, Myrtle Clyde used to reminisce about her life in the early Shofner home. While four children was not a large family in the pioneer days, all activities were difficult, considering the few conveniences they had. Washday was one of the worst, especially as the children became teen-agers and the clothes became more complex. To secure hot water, an outdoor fire was built under a large iron pot. Water had to be drawn bucket by bucket from the deep well. Four or five large galvanized tubs had to be filled, one for washing with strong homemade soap and with a rubbing board, several for rinsing, including bluing and starching. Hanging the heavy, dripping clothes required the help of all the girls. Warm, sunny days had the clothes dry in record time, but on cold blustery days many times they were frozen stiff. In preparation for ironing day, all the clothes had to be sprinkled and tightly wrapped the day before. Ironing day found the wood cookstove going full blast, for the irons with detachable handles had to be returned to the stovetop often to maintain enough heat to help dry the heavy, damp clothes.

In 1893 Margaret Isabelle's mother, widow Nancy E. Kidd, had become bedridden, suffering from breast cancer. The exact date of her death is not known, but she died in the Shofner home sometime between 1895 and 1900. She is buried in the Kidd cemetery in Cane Hill.

Mary Ella, the eldest child of the Shofners, at 17 married Dr. Henry Brewster, whose father, Lafayette Brewster, had come to Arkansas in 1849. The young couple lived in Cove Creek, Cane Hill and Prairie Grove. They had three children: Gordon Wallace, b. 25 December 18195, m. Lucille Brunk; Vivian, b. April 1897, m. William Baggett; and Rebecca Howard, b. 1901, m. David Minor. Dr. Brewster died in August 1924. Widow Mary Ella lived in the family home in Prairie Grove until her death in 1943.

Maybelle Clara never married and that is truly a sad love story. She and a young man of Prairie Grove fell madly in love. Because of a feud between the two fathers, Clara was forbidden to see her young man. He eventually left Prairie Grove, married, but on each return visit he would call on Clara.

Perhaps a premonition of his impending death caused William and Margaret to deed to Clara the Prairie Grove home for a sum of ten dollars. One of the stipulations was that her parents were to have control and use of the land and buildings as long as they lived. William died in 1908. Clara did continue to manage the farm and other holdings. Her mother lived with her for some time, later moving to her other daughter, Myrtle Dutton, in whose home she died in 1914. Clara died in 1941 and was buried in the Prairie Grove cemetery.

William Otis, William's only son, had an equally sad story. He was no different from the other young blades of Prairie Grove in association and actions. When a young lady became "in the family way", and because there had been an argument over water rights between two men, William Otis was accused and threatened. Despite his protests of innocence, his father thought it best he leave town. He was not to return to Prairie Grove for years, having married a school teacher in Oklahoma. When he did return, his marriage had broken up and his only

daughter stayed with her mother. He lived in the old homestead with his unmarried sister Clara until he was killed in an automobile accident in 1941. He is buried in Prairie Grove cemetery.

Myrtle Clyde, the youngest daughter, fell in love with a young railroad engineer, Hobart Percy Dutton. Soon after he was discharged from the army, during the Spanish American War, he was sent by a cousin to help build the railroad that would go through Prairie Grove. With its completion, he became an engineer on the route from Fayetteville, Arkansas to Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

The young couple lived in a home at 320 Meadow Street, Fayetteville, Arkansas. Their children were: Robert Seaman, b. 24 July, 1903, m. Lottie Bishop; Margaret Elizabeth, b. 17 November, 1907, m. Norwood Crews; Chester Imes, Matt Matthews; and Forrest Louise, b. 1 October 1916, m. Leroy H. Poorman. In 1920, Hobart's work on the railroad forced the family to move to Okmulgee and later to Muskogee, Oklahoma. In 1934 the family moved back to Fayetteville so Forrest could attend the University of Arkansas.

Muskogee and Okmulgee were fairly large towns when compared to Cane Hill and Prairie Grove. Our family had enjoyed indoor plumbing and had gas, then electric lights. I guess we were "city folks". As a child, my visits to Prairie Grove opened a whole new world to me. I could hardly wait for my summer visits. I was fortunate to be able to stay with both my Aunt Clara and Aunt Ella. Aunt Clara had maintained the old Shofner home as it must have been when her parents first moved in.

The home I recall was two stories, somewhat rectangular. A porch crossed the entire front with a second porch upstairs. A rather large, long smoke house extended back from one side of the rear. I can remember seeing hams and various cuts of beef hanging from the rafters. I took great delight in drawing water from the

deep well just off the porch of the smoke house. A pulley helped send the bucket down to the water and a good hand-over-hand pull brought up a bucket of cool, delicious water. The water was transferred to the house bucket and taken to the kitchen. We all used the same gourd for dipping and drinking.

My Aunt Clara had developed a liking for snuff. I can remember asking why she dipped snuff. I was sent off to find peach twigs to serve as dipping brushes and told not to ask so many questions.

Of course, during the summer, the days were long so we had very little use for lights but I remember her coal-oil lamp. It was tall, with a beautiful cut-glass base with dark red in the design. She also had several large ceramic figurines that I always admired. She said they were buried during the Civil War, so I assume they belonged to her mother, Margaret Kidd Shofner.

Fearful moments of my visits were related to the weather. Aunt Clara respected and feared extreme weather. On many occasions, when storm clouds formed and a tornado was anticipated, I was placed in the middle of a feather mattress and told not to move. I can still feel the sides of the mattress billowing up over me. My worst fear was going to her outside storm cellar. It was underground, covered with a mound of dirt. Two slanting doors opened up to the stairs leading down to a dark, dank room. Each side had shelves filled with home canned fruits and vegetables. I was sure there were worse than snakes down there.

The grassy front yard had large maple trees near the dirt road. In the Fall, the beautiful yellow and red colors of the leaves contrasted with the grey cold days of the coming winter. A Fall ritual was the raking of leaves into the ditch beside the road, then setting fire to them. The smell of those burning leaves is one of my fondest childhood memories.

I adored visiting at my Aunt Ella's home. They could afford a much larger home than Aunt Clara, with more elaborate furnishings. Aunt Ella was also a better cook. One of my interests was her source of water--neither inside nor outside. In a large, screened-in, L-shaped porch was an iron hand pump attached to a very large round wooden sink. It was so much fun pumping and watching the water arrive. Aunt Ella also kept a bucket of fresh water in the kitchen and the family gourd for drinking.

Her kitchen was a thing to behold. The room was very large, containing a huge iron woodburning cookstove and a tremendous oval-shaped dining table. After a wonderful meal, all the leftovers and condiments were placed in the middle of the table and covered with a clean white cloth. Many a leftover disappeared before the next meal, especially the Jefferson Davis pie. To me, this house was a state of the art for, in the kitchen floor, was a weighted door that opened up to reveal stairs leading down to the cellar. It seemed so much more pleasant and secure than Aunt Clara's outdoor cellar.

Of course, both homes had outhouses far away from the house. One was a two-holer and the other, three. At Aunt Ella's, the path led down between concord grape arbors. On one of my trips, I reached for a bunch of grapes and instead touched a bat. Once, while sitting quietly in the outhouse I looked up and saw a small snake on the ledge above the door. Since modern toilet paper was not available, all paper reading material and patterns served two purposes.

In each of Aunt Ella's bedrooms, on a table or bureau, was a large wash bowl with a pitcher of water sitting in it. Each room also had its covered chamber pot, sometimes called a slop jar. I would never have had the courage to take a night trip to the outhouse.

For many years we came to Prairie Grove for THE

REUNION. Although I cannot remember many details of the celebration, I know I always looked forward to being there. I last attended the event in 1937.

The living grandchildren (1988) of William M. Shofner are: Margaret Dutton Matthews, Austin, Texas; Hazel Dean Shofner Newton, Oklahoma; and Forrest Dutton Poorman, Westminster, California.

His great-grandchildren are: Doreen Baggett Richards, New Orleans, Louisiana; Billy Lou Baggett Radebaugh, Chicago, Illinois; John Henry Brewster, Prairie Grove, Arkansas; Betty Jean Minor Whorton, Pittsburg, Texas; Shirley Bass, Wilston, Oklahoma; Teri Poorman MacIntosh, Pasadena, California; and Ron L. Poorman, Pasadena, California.



*Shofner Home, W. Parks St., Prairie Grove
Ella Shofner and Dr. Henry Brewster, about 1890*

BURROWS-BURRIS

by Barbara Hale

Henry Lafayette Burris, the son of John Calvin Calhoon Burrows and Sarah Elizabeth Pense was born at Parker Branch, Washington County, AR 20 August 1869 in his parents' log cabin, the first of at least nine children. Parker Branch is not on current maps. It was a small community of people living on the Middle Fork of the White River.

On the 15th of November 1896 he married Rhoda Christina Leuraney Huffman Leonard. The marriage took place in the home of her parents in Sulphur City, also a community on the White River. Henry and Rhoda were simple, hardworking farm people. They had to work hard to raise their 12 children. There was never enough money so Henry followed the wheat harvest in the fall to earn extra money for the winter months. In the fall of 1924 he was ill and was not able to go to the harvest. Two of his daughters were planning their weddings to take place in the winter months.

With not enough money for their weddings, they decided to go to work in the local canning plant. They worked only a very short time when they came down with typhoid fever. In a matter of only a few weeks they were both dead. Henry blamed himself and went into a deep depression. He refused to eat and care for any of his own needs. His brother, Sabe, decided he needed professional help but made arrangements for his brother's admittance to the state hospital in Little Rock.

I had a conversation with Mr. Hollis Fincher, a lifetime resident of the area. He told me some of the story of Henry. He said, "I was just a small boy when all this took place. I was at the store in Carter when Sabe came up with his wagon. His brother was trussed up in the back being taken to the hospital. Sabe got water for Henry to drink

and I just stood there and gaped. That was the first crazy man I ever did see. I reckon I'll never forget that day."

Henry did not live very long at the state hospital. He died of starvation on the 29th of January and was brought back and buried in the Reese Cemetery.

Now the burden fell on Rhoda.

Rhoda Christina Leuraney Huffman Leonard Burris was a twentieth century pioneer woman. She had memories made of the stuff rugged pioneer women endured. She was born in a log cabin near Ottumwa, Wapello County, Iowa, one of 12 children. Her father, Moses Leonard, cut and hauled logs, using a team of oxen. Her mother, Johanna Christina Huffman, was born to German immigrants in Indiana.

When Rhoda birthed, the knee and ankle joints were disconnected in her right leg and her left foot was turned in. Later she was fitted with braces, and even though she could not lift her foot off the ground, she learned to walk after a fashion. She hooked her movable foot around the other and pulled her useless leg along. It was necessary for her to use two canes to get around in this fashion.

She had a jolly laugh and not a scornful one. The odds were against her, she would admit, but somehow the idea of a limited existence just did not "take to her". Where pluck and determination might have failed, grim necessity provided the spur. It proved a sharp spur indeed when she had to make a living for herself and her large family of children by working in the fields.

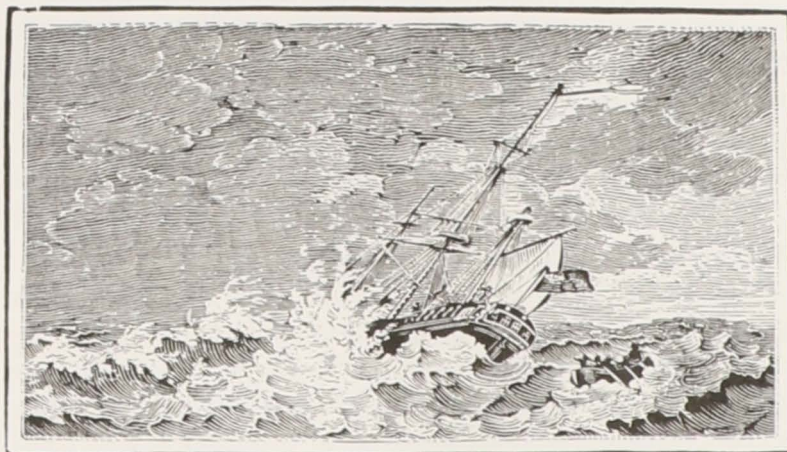
The baby was one year old when her husband died since she had no one to leave the tyke with, she made an apron from heavy suiting, slung it around her neck, and so carried him. With a cane in each hand, where did she find a place to carry the bucket that held the berries or beans she was picking? She would say, "Oh, it wasn't too hard to manage." She hooked the handle over two fingers.

When she was five her father loaded his family into a covered wagon and they moved to St. Louis. Ten years later they came to Brentwood, AR. She spent most of the rest of her life in this vicinity. Rhoda and Henry married when she was sixteen.

After their marriage, Rhoda and Henry built their own cabin. They worked together always. They split rails and built rail fences. They made railroad ties, which were sold for 40 cents each. They picked wild huckleberries and sold them for 20 cents a gallon. Like her mother, Mrs. Burris knitted stockings, mittens and caps for her children. She raised large gardens, canned and dried food for the winter. There was no welfare.

Despite hardships and severe deprivations, Mrs. Burris' children, she would assert, were healthy and happy. Every Sunday they went to church which meant walking a mile and a half over a mountain to the Methodist church.

To the casual eye, it would seem that Mrs. Burris' life could not have held more challenges. To the discerning person, the opposite was true. With age she was not able to get around very well, even with her two canes and braces. Perhaps her biggest challenge was to give up graciously her lifetime of activity and just to grow old.



THE FRISCO DEPOT

(From December 8, 1926 Fayetteville DAILY DEMOCRAT)

To Occupy Depot After Holidays

Plans are being made by the local Frisco officials to occupy the new station shortly after the Christmas holidays, according to an announcement made Wednesday morning.

The building has been in the course of construction on West Dickson for the past three months.

The new station is of the Spanish type with the exterior of red face brick and white stucco. The roof is built of red tile with terra cotta trimmings and a stone plate at each end of the station bears the word "Fayetteville". An expenditure of between \$40,000 and \$45,000 is represented, contractors stated Wednesday.

650 Foot Platform

Workmen are busy completing a large platform which will measure more than 600 feet north of Dickson Street and about 135 feet south. The south platform will be used in exchanging baggage and express on southbound trains.

To Be Newly Furnished

The floor of the new structure will be of concrete and the rooms will be beautifully decorated it is said. All the furniture will be new including tables and instruments that will be used in the ticket agent's office. A portico has been built at the south end of the building and a large spacious baggage and express room has been built on the north. Building work is in charge of W. C. Staver of Kansas City, railroad construction concern.

— Pat Donat

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Flashback

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY